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CAVALIER TUNES
THE LOST LEADER
AND OTHER POEMS

BY

ROBERT BROWNING

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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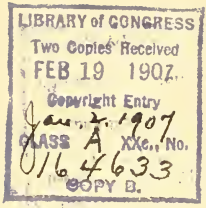

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INTRODUCTION

Robert Browning's life was a singularly fortunate one. From boyhood every condition favored him, and he lived to reap the honors which are bestowed upon most great poets only long years after they are dead.

He was born at Camberwell, a suburb of London, May 7, 1812. His parents were well-conditioned and well-to-do people, his father a clerk in the Bank of England, and his mother a Scotch woman of gentle breeding and great musical talent. Although a business man, his father also had artistic aspirations, and was a great lover of books, particularly poetry. Thus, in his earliest years, Browning was surrounded by an atmosphere favorable to his genius. In education he was allowed to follow his own bent and was taught chiefly by private tutors, save for ten years during which he studied languages at London University.

He read widely, especially eighteenth century literature and the poets Byron, Shelley and Keats; became versed in French, and was fond of such sports as dancing, boxing, and riding. One of his earliest memories was of "sitting on his father's knee in the library, and listening with enthralled attention to the *Tale of Troy*, with marvellous illustrations among the glowing coals of the fireplace, with, above all, the vaguely-heard accompaniment from the neighboring room, where Mrs. Browning sat, 'in her chief happiness, her love of darkness and

solitude and music' — of a wild Gaelic lament, with its insistent falling cadences."

He began to make poetry himself at a very early age and even then his verses, though largely copies of Byron and Shelley in form, were strongly individual. His first published poem, *Pauline*, was written when he was twenty, but it was not a work of marked originality like *Paracelsus*, which followed two years later. The latter poem was thoroughly characteristic of the Browning of later years both in subject and treatment, and contained the germ of all his later philosophy.

Paracelsus was rapidly followed by other poems and dramas, some, like the volume *Bells and Pomegranates*, of a mere lyric and popular character, and some, like *Sordello*, marked by an obscurity of expression which is characteristic of its author.

In 1846, Browning married the poetess, Elizabeth Barrett. The marriage was a sudden and secret one, for Miss Barrett had long been an invalid and her father was sternly opposed to such a union. The two poets, therefore, took matters into their own hands, and after a quiet marriage, took up their life in Italy. Mr. Barrett never forgave his daughter, but in spite of that the union was a happy one, and for fifteen years they led an ideal life in their beloved Italy, furnishing a beautiful example of what human comradeship can be.

During this period Browning published what is, perhaps, his best work, in the volume *Men and Women*, work marked at once by dramatic intensity and poetic fervor. The death of Mrs. Browning in 1861, however, put an end to this idyllic life and recalled him to England. He made a new home for himself in London, where he was educating his only son,

and the volumes came from his pen faster than before. His most ambitious work, *The Ring and the Book*, was published in 1868. It is one of the longest poems in the language, and is the record of a two-hundred-year old murder case told by a number of different persons from different points of view. It is a striking example of Browning's extraordinary power of discerning the motive and thought back of human action.

In his later years the poet devoted himself chiefly to Greek poetry and drama, and his last poems are built upon this foundation. These years also brought him wide recognition and honors, and he lived a kind of public life, sought on all sides.

His death occurred December 12, 1889, at his son's home in Venice, the day on which his last volume, *Asolando*, was published. He was buried in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey, an honor among the highest that England can bestow upon her sons.

In mere amount Browning has written more than any other poet since Shakespeare. And all his numerous volumes of works are stamped with an individuality of remarkable strength and richness. In spite of this, however, Browning has never been a popular poet. The very richness of his nature and the eagerness of his thought make him often obscure both in expression and outline. His verse is often designedly rugged rather than musical, but it is not intentionally puzzling. His thought is usually clear and simple, like all great thought, but, in his impatience to get it expressed, in his love for tracing out every motive of the mind, he cannot stop to arrange his thoughts. The result is that the

reader must supply the ellipses. Browning says of his own writing:

"I can have little doubt that my writing has been in the main too hard for many I should have been pleased to communicate with; but I never designedly tried to puzzle people, as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar, or a game at dominoes, to an idle man. So, perhaps, on the whole I get my deserts and something over — not a crowd, but a few I value more."

In spite of some very fine lyric passages, Browning is essentially a dramatic poet. But his is a drama of thought and feeling rather than of action. Not that his poetry is purely subjective, but that he uses action only to illustrate the thoughts and motives and passions that actuate his characters — a reversal of the usual procedure. In form his poetry is largely monologue, a form which, though intensely dramatic, makes larger demands upon the reader, for he must be able to supply the words of the silent characters as well as the stage setting. But by using this form, Browning can most easily make the human soul the seat of action, unconsciously exhibiting its minutest shades of thought and feeling before our eyes.

Few poets have succeeded so remarkably in understanding the obscure recesses of the human soul; yet, for all his subtlety of discernment, Browning has a robustness of mind, a hopeful confidence in human nature and a wholesome joy in living and loving that make him the most health-giving and invigorating of poets. He has an abounding love of nature which often breaks out in brilliant flashes of great beauty in the midst of his soul drama, and he has a musical feeling for rhythm, which means

more to him than beauty of words. His philosophy is full of good cheer. He shows us that in the great scheme of life our failures are often successes, that the humblest service is just as necessary in the whole product as the greatest, that, whatever the shortcomings of human nature, it is bound to work out its own redemption through the power of that Love which guides the universe, and from which neither Heaven nor earth can separate us.

> "All service ranks the same with God:
> If now as formerly he trod
> Paradise, his presence fills
> Our earth, each only as God wills
> Can work — God's puppets, best and worst,
> Are we; there is no last or first.
> Say not 'a small event.' Why 'small'?
> Costs it more pain than this, ye call
> A 'great event,' should come to pass,
> Than that? Untwine me from the mass
> Of deeds which make up life, one deed
> Power shall fall short in or exceed!"

The Titles and Dates of Publication of Principal Works.

1833 — Pauline — A Fragment of a Confession.
1835 — Paracelsus. (A tragedy without action.)
1837 — Strafford. (A drama presented at Drury Lane Theatre.)
1840 — Sordello. An Epic.
1841–6 — Bells and Pomegranates. (In eight numbers.) Including "A blot in the Scutcheon" (1843), "Pippa Passes" (1841), etc.

Also

1845 — Dramatic Romances. Containing "How They Brought the Good News from

Ghent to Aix," "The Lost Leader," "The Boy and the Angel," "Saul," etc.

1855 — Men and Women. Containing "Evelyn Hope," "By the Fireside" (personal), "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came," "Last Ride Together," "Andrea del Sarto," "Saul," "A Grammarian's Funeral," etc.

1864 — Dramatis Personæ. Containing "James Lee's Wife," "Abt Vogler," "A Death in the Desert," 'Caliban Upon Setabos," "Mr. Sludge, the Medium," etc.

1871 — Balaustion's Adventure.

1872 — Fifine at the Fair.

1873 — Red Cotton Night-cap Country.

1875 — Aristophanes' Apology and The Inn Album.

1876 — Hervé Riel.

1879–80 — Dramatic Idyls. Containing "Pheidippides, etc."

1883 — Jocoseria.

1887 — Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in Their Day.

1890 — Asolando: Fancies and Facts.

BROWNING'S POEMS

CAVALIER TUNES.

I. MARCHING ALONG.

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing:
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk
droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous
parles!
Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
Till you're —
CHORUS.—Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing
this song.

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell.
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well!
England, good cheer! Rupert is near!
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,
Cho. — Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song?

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!
Hold by the right, you double your might;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,
Cho. — March we along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!

II. GIVE A ROUSE.

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!
Who gave me the goods that went since?
Who raised me the house that sank once?
Who helped me to gold I spent since?
Who found me in wine you drank once?

CHO. — King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
By the old fool's side that begot him?
For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
While Noll's damned troopers shot him?
CHO. — King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

III. BOOT AND SADDLE.

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
Rescue my castle before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery gray.
CHO. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;
Many's the friend there, will listen and pray

"God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay —
CHO. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array:
Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,
CHO. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!
I've better counsellors; what counsel they?
CHO. — Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

THE LOST LEADER.

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat —
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags — were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,

Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us — they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen —
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!
We shall march prospering — not through his presence;
Songs may inspirit us — not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done — while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire:
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more devils'-triumph and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part — the glimmer of twilight,

Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him — strike gallantly,
Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX."

[16—]

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique
right.
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the
bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew
near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned
clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffield, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the
half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear
bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his
track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance

O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix" — for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a moment his roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-socket's rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is — friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

I.

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II.

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking;
" 'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV.

An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell,
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber-door but a gentle tap?

"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V.

"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

VI.

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed around his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same cheque;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon his pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"

"One? fifty thousand!" — was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,

Wherein all plunged and perished!
— Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary:
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks:
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'Oh rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
Already staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
— I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.

"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" — when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

IX.

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke

Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

X.

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

XI.

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII.

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again

Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
— Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,

And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He can never cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say —
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew

And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings:
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

XIV.

Alas, alas! for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,

They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street —
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band

Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

XV.

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men — especially pipers!
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise!

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall," —

Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect —
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride

Touched to the quick, he said:
'I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

HERVÉ RIEL

I.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French — woe to France!
And the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

II.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all:
And they signalled to the place
"Help the winners of a race!

Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick
— or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

III.

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,
Shall the 'Formidable' here with her twelve and eighty guns
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!"

IV.

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow

All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech).
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

V.

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

VI.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell,
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this 'Formidable' clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,
— Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life — here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

VII.

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.
Still the north-wind, by God's grace!
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" — sure as fate,
Up the English come — too late!

VIII.

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève

Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel!"
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

IX.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!

Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville."

X.

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run? —
Since 'tis ask and have, I may —
Since the others go ashore —
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!"
That he asked and that he got — nothing more.

XI.

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black

On a single fishing smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
Go to Paris: rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD.

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
Round the elm tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England — now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent spray's edge —
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
— Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA.

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the Northwest died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest Northeast distance dawned Gibraltar, grand and gray;

"Here and here did England help me: how can
I help England?" — say,
Whoso turns, as I, this evening, turn to God to
praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over
Africa.

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

Morning, evening, noon and night,
"Praise God!" sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned,
Whereby the daily meal was earned.

Hard he labored, long and well;
O'er his work the boy's curls fell.

But ever, at each period,
He stopped and sang, "Praise God!"

Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well done;
I doubt not thou art heard, my son:

"As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God, the Pope's great way.

"This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite, "Would God that I
Might praise him that great way, and die!"

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures alway,
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in heaven, "Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth;

Entered, in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well;

And morning, evening, noon and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy, to youth he grew:
The man put off the stripling's hue:

The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay:

And ever o'er the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content.

(He did God's will; to him, all one
If on the earth or in the sun.)

God said, "A praise is in mine ear;
There is no doubt in it, no fear:

"So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go.

"Clearer loves sound other ways:
I miss my little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day: he flew to Rome,
And paused above St. Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite.

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed;

And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer:

And rising from the sickness drear,
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the East with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned.

"I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,
And set thee here; I did not well.

"Vainly I left my angel-sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.

"Thy voice's praise seemed weak; it dropped —
Creation's chorus stopped!

"Go back and praise again
The early way, while I remain.

"With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up creation's pausing strain.

"Back to the cell and poor employ:
Resume the craftsman and the boy!"

Theocrite grew old at home;
A new Pope dwelt in Peter's dome.

One vanished as the other died:
They sought God side by side.

PHEIDIPPIDES.

χαίρετε, νικῶμεν

First I salute this soil of the blessed, river and rock!
Gods of my birthplace, dæmons and heroes, honor to all!
Then I name thee, claim thee for our patron, co-equal in praise
— Ay, with Zeus the Defender, with her of the ægis and spear!
Also, ye of the bow and the buskin, praised be your peer,
Now, henceforth and forever — O latest to whom I upraise
Hand and heart and voice! For Athens, leave pasture and flock!
Present to help, potent to save, Pan — patron I call!

Archons of Athens, topped by the tettix, see, I return!
See, 'tis myself here standing alive, no spectre that speaks!
Crowned with the myrtle, did you command me, Athens and you,
"Run, Pheidippides, run and race, reach Sparta for aid!
Persia has come, we are here, where is She?" Your command I obeyed,
Ran and raced: like stubble, some field which a fire runs through,
Was a space between city and city: two days, two nights did I burn
Over the hills, under the dales, down pits and up peaks.

Into their midst I broke: breath served but for "Persia has come!
Persia bids Athens proffer slaves'-tribute, water and earth;
Razed to the ground is Eretria — but Athens, shall Athens sink,
Drop into dust and die — the flower of Hellas utterly die,
Die, with the wide world spitting at Sparta, the stupid, the stander-by?
Answer me quick, what help, what hand do you stretch o'er destruction's brink?

How — when? No care for my limbs! —there's lightning in all and some —
Fresh and fit your message to bear, once lips give it birth!"

O my Athens — Sparta love thee? Did Sparta respond?
Every face of her leered in a furrow of envy, mistrust,
Malice — each eye of her gave me its glitter of gratified hate!
Gravely they turned to take counsel, to cast for excuses. I stood
Quivering — the limbs of me fretting as fire frets, an inch from dry wood;
"Persia has come, Athens asks aid, and still they debate?
Thunder, thou Zeus! Athene, are Spartans a quarry beyond
Swing of thy spear? Phoibos and Artemis, clang them 'Ye must!' "

No bolt launched from Olumpos! Lo, their answer at last!
"Has Persia come — does Athens ask aid — may Sparta befriend?
Nowise precipitate judgment — too weighty the issue at stake!

Count we no time lost time which lags through respect to the gods!
Ponder that precept of old, 'No warfare, whatever the odds
In your favor, so long as the moon, half-orbed, is unable to take
Full-circle her state in the sky!' Already she rounds to it fast:
Athens must wait, patient as we — who judgment suspend."

Athens — except for that sparkle — thy name, I had mouldered to ash!
That sent a blaze through my blood; off, off and away was I back,
— Not one word to waste, one look to lose on the false and the vile!
Yet, "O gods of my land!" I cried, as each hillock and plain,
Wood and stream, I knew, I named, rushing past them again,
"Have ye kept faith, proved mindful of honors we paid you erewhile?
Vain was the filleted victim, the fulsome libation! Too rash
Love in its choice, paid you so largely service so slack!
"Oak and olive and bay — I bid you cease to enwreathe

Brows made bold by your leaf! Fade at the Persian's foot,
You that, our patrons were pledged, should never adorn a slave!
Rather I hail thee, Parnes — trust to thy wild waste tract!
Treeless, herbless, lifeless mountain! What matter if slacked
My speed may hardly be, for homage to crag and to cave
No deity deigns to drape with verdure? at least I can breathe,
Fear in thee no fraud from the blind, no lie from the mute!"

Such my cry as, rapid, I ran over Parnes' ridge;
Gully and gap I clambered and cleared till, sudden, a bar
Jutted, a stoppage of stone against me, blocking the way.
Right! for I minded the hollow to traverse, the fissure across:
"Where I could enter, there I depart by! Night in the fosse?
Athens to aid? Though the dive were through Erebos, thus I obey —
Out of the day dive, into the day as bravely arise! No bridge

Better!" — when — ha! what was it I came on,
of wonders that are?

There, in the cool of a cleft, sat he — majestical
Pan!
Ivy drooped wanton, kissed his head, moss cushioned his hoof:
All the great god was good in the eyes grave-kindly — the curl
Carved on the bearded cheek, amused at a mortal's awe,
As, under the human trunk, the goat-thighs grand I saw.
"Halt, Pheidippides!" — halt I did, my brain of a whirl:
"Hither to me! Why pale in my presence?" he gracious began:
"How is it — Athens, only in Hellas, holds me aloof?

"Athens, she only, rears me no fane, makes me no feast!
Wherefore? Than I what godship to Athens more helpful of old?
Ay, and still, and forever her friend! Test Pan, trust me!
Go, bid Athens take heart, laugh Persia to scorn, have faith

In the temples and tombs! Go, say to Athens, 'The Goat-God saith:
When Persia — so much as strews not the soil — is cast in the sea,
Then praise Pan, who fought in the ranks with your most and least,
Goat-thigh to greaved-thigh, made one cause with the free and the bold!'

"Say Pan saith: 'Let this, foreshowing the place, be the pledge!' "
(Gay, the liberal hand held out this herbage I bear — Fennel — I grasped it a-tremble with dew — whatever it bode)
"While, as for thee" . . . But enough! He was gone! If I ran hitherto —
Be sure that, the rest of my journey, I ran no longer, but flew.
Parnes to Athens — earth no more, the air was my road:
Here am I back. Praise Pan, we stand no more on the razor's edge!
Pan for Athens, Pan for me! I too have a guerdon rare!

Then spoke Miltiades. "And thee, best runner of Greece,
Whose limbs did duty indeed — what gift is promised thyself?

'Tell it us straightway — Athens the mother demands of her son!"
Rosily blushed the youth: he paused: but, lifting at length
His eyes from the ground, it seemed as he gathered the rest of his strength
Into the utterance — "Pan spoke thus: 'For what thou hast done
Count on a worthy reward! Henceforth be allowed thee release
From the racer's toil, no vulgar reward in praise or in pelf!'

"I am bold to believe, Pan means reward the most to my mind!
Fight I shall, with our foremost, wherever this fennel may grow —
Pound — Pan helping us — Persia to dust, and, under the deep,
Whelm her away forever; and then — no Athens to save —
Marry a certain maid, I know keeps faith to the brave —
Hie to my house and home: and, when my children shall creep
Close to my knees — recount how the God was awful yet kind,
Promised their sire reward to the full — rewarding him — so!"

Unforeseeing one! Yes, he fought on the Marathon day:
So, when Persia was dust, all cried "To Akropolis!
Run, Pheidippides, one race more! the meed is thy due!
'Athens is saved, thank Pan,' go shout!" He flung down his shield,
Ran like fire once more: and the space 'twixt the Fennel-field
And Athens was stubble again, a field which a fire runs through,
Till in he broke: "Rejoice, we conquer!" Like wine through clay,
Joy in his blood bursting his heart, he died, the bliss!

So, to this day, when friend meets friend, the word of salute
Is still "Rejoice!" — his word which brought rejoicing indeed.
So is Pheidippides happy forever — the noble strong man
Who could race like a god, bear the face of a god, whom a god loved so well;
He saw the land saved he had helped to save, and was suffered to tell
Such tidings, yet never decline, but, gloriously as he began,

So to end gloriously — once to shout, thereafter be mute:
"Athens is saved!" — Pheidippides dies in the shout for his meed.

EVELYN HOPE.

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass;
Little has yet been changed, I think:
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she has scarcely heard my name;
It was not her time to love; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares —
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
What, your soul was pure and true,

The good stars met in your horoscope,
  Made you of spirit, fire and dew —
And, just because I was thrice as old
  And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was naught to each, must I be told?
  We were fellow mortals, naught beside?

No, indeed! for God above
  Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love:
  I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
  Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few:
Much is to learn, much to forget
  Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come — at last it will,
  When, Evelyn Hope what meant (I shall say)
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
  That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
  And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what would you do with me, in fine,
  In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived (I shall say) so much since then,
  Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
  Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;

Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
  Either I missed or itself missed me:
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
  What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while!
  My heart seemed full as it could be;
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
  And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
So, hush — I will give you this leaf to keep:
  See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand!
There, that is our secret: go to sleep!
  You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ONE WORD MORE.

To E. B. B.

I.

There they are, my fifty men and women
Naming me the fifty poems finished!
Take them, Love, the book and me together;
Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.

II.

Rafael made a century of sonnets,
Made and wrote them in a certain volume
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
Else he only used to draw Madonnas:
These, the world might view — but one, the volume.
Who that one, you ask? Your heart instructs you.
Did she live and love it all her lifetime?
Did she drop, his lady of sonnets,
Die, and let it drop beside her pillow
Where it lay in place of Rafael's glory,
Rafael's cheek, so duteous and so loving —
Cheek, thee was wont to hail a painter's,
Rafael's cheek, her love had turned a poet's?

III.

You and I would rather read that volume,
(Taken to his beating bosom by it)
Lean and list the bosom-beats of Rafael,
Would we not? than wonder at Madonnas —
Her, San Sisto names, and Her, Foligno,
Her, that visits Florence in a vision,
Her, that's left with lilies in the Louvre —
Seen by us and all the world in circle.

IV.

You and I will never read that volume,
Guido Reni, like his own eye's apple
Guarded long the treasure-book and loved it,
Guido Reni dying, all Bologna
Cried, and the world cried too, "Ours, the treasure!"
Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished.

V.

Dante once prepared to paint an angel:
Whom to please? You whisper "Beatrice."
While he mused and traced it and retraced it,
(Peradventure with a pen corroded
Still by drops of that hot ink he dipped for,
When, his left hand i' the hair o' the wicked,
Back he held the brow and pricked its stigma,
Bit into the live man's flesh for parchment,
Loosed him, laughed to see the writing rankle,
Let the wretch go festering through Florence)
Dante, who loved well because he hated,
Hated wickedness that hinders loving,
Dante standing, studying his angel —
In there broke the folk of his Inferno.
Says he — "Certain people of importance"
(Such he gave his daily dreadful line to)
"Entered and would seize, forsooth, the poet."
Says the poet — "Then I stopped my painting."

VI.

You and I would rather see that angel,
Painted by the tenderness of Dante,
Would we not? — than read a fresh Inferno.

VII.

You and I will never see that picture.
While he mused on love and Beatrice,
While he softened o'er his outlined angel,
In they broke, those "people of importance:"
We and Bice bear the loss forever.

VIII.

What of Rafael's sonnets, Dante's picture?
This: no artist lives and loves, that longs not
Once, and only once, and for one only
(Ah, the prize!) to find his love a language
Fit and fair and simple and sufficient —
Using nature that's an art to others,
Not, this one time, art that's turned his nature.
Ay, of all the artists living, loving,
None but would forego his proper dowry —
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem —
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture,
Put to proof art alien to the artist's,
Once, and only once, and for one only,

So to be the man and leave the artist,
Gain the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow.

IX.

Wherefore? Heaven's gift takes earth's abatement!
He who smites the rock and spreads the water,
Bidding drink and live a crowd beneath him,
Even he, the minute makes immortal,
Proves, perchance, but mortal in the minute,
Desecrates, belike, the deed in doing.
While he smites, how can he but remember,
So he smote before, in such a peril,
When they stood and mocked — "Shall smiting help us?"
When they drank and sneered — "A stroke is easy!"
When they wiped their mouths and went their journey,
Throwing him for thanks — "But drought was pleasant."
Thus old memories mar the actual triumph;
Thus the doing savors of disrelish;
Thus achievement lacks a gracious somewhat;
O'er-importuned brows becloud the mandate,
Carelessness or consciousness — the gesture.
For he bears an ancient wrong about him,
Sees and knows again those phalanxed faces,

Hears, yet one time more, the 'customed prelude —
"How shouldst thou, of all men, smite, and save us?"
Guesses what is like to prove the sequel —
"Egypt's flesh-pots — nay, the drought was better."

X.

Oh, the crowd must have emphatic warrant!
Theirs, the Sinai-forehead's cloven brilliance,
Right-arm's rod-sweep, tongue's imperial fiat.
Never dares the man put off the prophet.

XI.

Did he love one face from out the thousands,
(Were she Jethro's daughter, white and wifely,
Were she but the Æthiopian bondslave)
He would envy yon dumb patient camel,
Keeping a reserve of scanty water
Meant to save his own life in the desert;
Ready in the desert to deliver
(Kneeling down to let his breast be opened)
Hoard and life together for his mistress.

XII.

I shall never, in the years remaining,
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,

Make you music that should all-express me;
So it seems: I stand on my attainment.
This of verse alone, one life allows me;
Verse and nothing else have I to give you.
Other heights in other lives, God willing:
All the gifts from all the heights, your own, Love!

XIII.

Yet a semblance of resource avails us —
Shade so finely touched, love's sense must seize it.
Take these lines, look lovingly and nearly,
Lines I write the first time and the last time.
He who works in fresco, steals a hair-brush,
Curbs the liberal hand, subservient proudly,
Cramps his spirit, crowds its all in little,
Makes a strange art of an art familiar,
Fills his lady's missal-marge with flowerets.
He who blows through bronze, may breathe through silver,
Fitly serenade a slumbrous princess.
He who writes, may write for once as I do.

XIV.

Love, you saw me gather men and women,
Live or dead or fashioned by my fancy,
Enter each and all, and use their service,
Speak from every mouth — the speech, a poem.
Hardly shall I tell my joys and sorrows,

Hopes and fears, belief and disbelieving:
I am mine and yours — the rest be all men's,
Karshish, Cleon, Norbert, and the fifty.
Let me speak this once in my true person,
Not as Lippo, Roland, or Andrea,
Though the fruit of speech be just this sentence:
Pray you, look on these men and women,
Take and keep my fifty poems finished;
Where my heart lies, let my brain lie also!
Poor the speech; be how I speak, for all things.

XV.

Not but that you know me! Lo, the moon's self!
Here in London, yonder late in Florence,
Still we find her face, the thrice-transfigured.
Curving on a sky imbrued with color,
Drifted over Fiesole by twilight,
Came she, our new crescent of a hair's breadth.
Full she flared it, lamping Samminiato,
Rounder 'twixt the cypresses and rounder,
Perfect till the nightingales applauded.
Now, a piece of her old self, impoverished,
Hard to greet, she traverses the house-roofs,
Hurries with unhandsome thrift of silver,
Goes dispiritedly, glad to finish.

XVI.

What, there's nothing in the moon noteworthy?
Nay: for if that moon could love a mortal,
Use, to charm him (so to fit a fancy),
All her magic ('tis the old sweet mythos),
She would turn a new side to her mortal,
Side unseen of herdsman, huntsman, steersman —
Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace,
Blind to Galileo on his turret,
Dumb to Homer, dumb to Keats — him, even!
Think, the wonder of the moonstruck mortal —
When she turns round, comes again in heaven,
Opens out anew for worse or better!
Proves she like some portent of an iceberg
Swimming full upon the ship it founders,
Hungry with huge teeth of splintered crystals?
Proves she as the paved work of a sapphire
Seen by Moses when he climbed the mountain?
Moses, Aaron, Nabad and Abihu
Climbed and saw the very God, the Highest,
Stand upon the paved work of a sapphire.
Like the bodied heaven in his clearness
Shone the stone, the sapphire of that paved work,
When they ate and drank and saw God also!

XVII.

What were seen? None knows, none ever shall know.
Only this is sure — the sight were other,
Not the moon's same side, born late in Florence,
Dying now impoverished here in London.
God be thanked, the meanest of His creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her!

XVIII.

This I say of me, but think of you, Love!
This to you — yourself my moon of poets!
Ah, but that's the world's side, there's the wonder,
Thus they see you, praise you, think they know you!
There, in turn I stand with them and praise you —
Out of my own self, I dare to phrase it.
But the best is when I glide from out them,
Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,
Come out on the other side, the novel
Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,
Where I hush and bless myself with silence.

XIX.

Oh, their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,
Oh, their Dante of the dread Inferno,
Wrote one song — and in my brain I sing it,
Drew one angel — borne, see, on my bosom!
R. B.

NOTES.

CAVALIER TUNES.

These three songs are supposed to be sung by some followers of Charles I., who was beheaded in the Civil War, when Oliver Cromwell and his followers, the Roundheads (so-called because, unlike the Cavaliers, they wore their hair close-cropped) for a time conquered the Royalists and instituted a Republic.

MARCHING ALONG.

1. *Kentish.* The county of Kent was generally loyal to the king. Byng was a well known name in Kent, having produced the great Sir George Byng.

2. *Crop-headed.* The Roundhead Parliament, or Long Parliament, which condemned Charles to death in 1649.

7. *Pym.* An English statesman, and one of the Parliamentary members opposed to King Charles.

7. *Carles.* Worthless fellows.

8. *Parles.* Parleyings, meetings.

13. *Hampden.* Another celebrated statesman of the Roundhead Party.

13. *Obsequies.* Funeral ceremonies.

14. *Hazelrig and Fiennes.* These were members of the Puritan Party.

14. *Young Harry.* Sir Henry Vane, son of a noted follower of Charles, but himself a Roundhead. He was for a time governor of Massachusetts colony.

15. *Rupert.* Prince Rupert, a nephew of Charles I., who fought in the Civil War on the king's side.

20. *Pricks.* Spurs.

22. *Nottingham.* When the king openly broke with Parliament he retired to Nottingham, where his followers rallied round him and prepared for war.

GIVE A ROUSE.

16. *Noll.* A nickname given to Oliver Cromwell, the leader of the Roundheads.

BOOT AND SADDLE.

This lyric was originally entitled *My Wife Gertrude.*

10. *Castle Brancepeth.* There is a castle of this name near Durham.

11. *Fay.* Faith.

THE LOST LEADER.

This poem describes a leader of thought, who, filled with liberal aspirations in his youth, abandons them in old age under stress of growing conservatism.

The poem was popularly supposed to refer to the poet Wordsworth, who was a pronounced Liberal in his youth. In the following letter to the editor of Wordsworth's Prose Works, Browning states his attitude in the poem.

"19 WARWICK-CRESCENT, W., Feb. 24, '75.

"*Dear Mr. Grosart:* — I have been asked the question you now address me with, and as duly answered it, I can't remember how many times; there is no sort of objection to one more assurance or rather confession, on my part, that I *did* in my hasty youth presume to use the great and venerated personality of Wordsworth as a sort of painter's model; one from which this or the other particular feature may be selected and turned to account; had I intended more, above all, such a boldness as portraying the entire man, I should not have talked about 'handfuls of silver and bits of ribbon.' These never influenced the change of politics in the great poet, whose defection, nevertheless, accompanied as it was by a regular face-about of his special party, was to my juvenile apprehension, and even mature consideration, an event to

eplore. But just as in the tapestry on my wall I can recognize figures which have *struck out* a fancy, on occasion, that though truly enough thus derived, yet would be preposterous as a copy, so, though I dare not deny the original of my little poem, I altogether refuse to have it considered as the 'very effigies' of such a moral and intellectual superiority.

Faithfully yours,

"ROBERT BROWNING."

3. *One gift.* That is, gold.

4. *All the others.* That is, lofty ideals, enthusiasm for freedom, hopes of the human race, and so on.

6. *So little.* In 1813 Wordsworth was appointed Distributor of Stamps for Westmoreland at a salary of five hundred pounds. In 1843 he was made poet-laureate.

13. *Milton.* The great epic poet of England. He was a Puritan and sided with Cromwell in the Civil War.

14. *Burns.* The Scotch lyric poet, who was a radical in his philosophy.

14. *Shelley.* One of the greatest of English lyric poets.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

The incident referred to was supposed to have occurred during the seventeenth century. Three horsemen set out to carry a message from Ghent, a city in Belgium, to Aix-la-Chapelle, just on the German border. The distance is about one hundred and twenty miles.

Browning wrote concerning the poem:

"There is no sort of historical foundation for the poem about 'Good News from Ghent.' I wrote it under the bulwark of a vessel, off the African coast, after I had been at sea long enough to appreciate even the fancy of a gallop on the back of a certain good horse 'York,' then in my stable at home. It was written in pencil on the fly-leaf of Bartoli's *Simboli*, I remember."

3. *Watch.* A kind of police who patrolled the town during the night to see that all was safe.

5. *Postern.* A small gate in the city wall.

9. *Girths.* Straps that fasten the saddle about the horse.

10. *Pique.* The pommel or back of the saddle.

14. *Lokeren.* A town somewhat north of Ghent; the other towns mentioned can easily be found on a good map.

17. *Mecheln.* The church steeple with its skeleton clock face, fifty feet in diameter, is one of the most graceful towers in Belgium.

31. *Stay spur.* Stop the horse.

41. *Dome-spire.* The tower of the Cathedral of Aix, built by Charlemagne.

43. *Roan.* A bay or sorrel colored horse.

44. *Croup.* Hindquarters.

49. *Buff-coat.* A coat of buff-leather worn by soldiers.

49. *Holster.* A leather case for pistols.

50. *Jack-boots.* Long-legged boots.

59. *Burgesses.* The freemen of a town; citizens.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

Browning wrote this story to amuse one of the children of his friend, Macready, who was confined to the house by illness. The legend may be found in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and in the *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, published in 1605 by Richard Verstegan. Baring-Gould, in his *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, gives the legend as follows:

"Hamelin town was infested with rats, in the year 1284. In their houses the people had no peace from them; rats disturbed them by night and worried them by day. One day, there came a man into the town, most quaintly attired in parti-colored suit. Bunting, the man was called, after his dress. None knew whence he came or who he was. He announced himself to be a rat-catcher, and offered for a certain sum of money to rid the place of the vermin. The townsmen agreed to his proposal, and promised him the sum

demanded. Thereupon the man drew forth a pipe and piped. No sooner were the townsfolk released from their torment than they repented of their bargain, and . . . they refused to pay the stipulated remuneration. At this the piper waxed wroth, and vowed vengeance. On the 26th June, the feast of SS. John and Paul, the mysterious piper reappeared in Hamelin town. (He) led the way down the street, the children all following, whilst the Hamelin people stood aghast, not knowing what step to take, or what would be the result of this weird piping. He led them from the town towards a hill rising above the Weser. (One lame lad) alone was left; and in after years he was sad. . . . Fathers and mothers rushed to the east gate, but when they came to the mountain, called Koppenberg, into which the train of children had disappeared, nothing was observable except a small hollow, where the sorcerer and their little ones had entered."

1. *Brunswick.* A kingdom of Germany.

2. *By.* Near.

6. *Ditty.* Song.

15. *Sprats.* Small herring.

23. *Noddy.* A silly fellow.

24. *Corporation.* The city council.

28. *Obese.* Stout.

37. *Guilder.* A Dutch and German coin generally worth about forty cents.

51. *Glutinous.* Sticky.

58. *Yellow.* Parti-colored, after the fashion of the Mediæval jesters.

78. *Newt.* A kind of small lizard.

79. *Pied.* Marked like a pie, that is, dressed in parti-color or motley.

87. *Old-fangled.* Old-fashioned. "New-fangled" is a common expression, but this use of the word is Browning's own.

89. *Cham.* The Cham or ruler of Tartary.

91. *Nizam.* The sovereign of Hyderabad in India.

123. *Julius Cæsar.* The great Roman general who saved himself at Alexandria by swimming the Hellespont.

133. *Train-oil.* Oil extracted from whales.

136. *Psaltery.* A small Jewish harp.

138. *Drysaltery.* A factory of salted meats, drugs, etc.

139. *Nuncheon.* Luncheon; the mid-day meal.

141. *Sugar-puncheon.* A cask.

153. *Perked.* Looked up briskly.

158. *Claret,* etc. Well known brands of wine.

160. *Butt.* A large cask for holding wine.

169. *Poke.* A bag or pocket.

172. *Thrifty.* Saving of our money.

177. *Bagdat.* Bagdad.

177. *Prime.* Best.

179. *Caliph.* A Turkish governor. This title was originally given to the successors of Mohammed.

182. *Stiver.* A Dutch coin of small value.

187. *Ribald.* A low fellow.

220. *Koppelberg.* More commonly Koppenberg.

230. *All.* The number of children that perished is given in the inscription at Hamelin as 130.

232. *Lame.* In another version, two children were left, one lame and the other blind.

246. *Fallow.* Of a pale reddish color.

260. *Needle's eye.* See *Matthew* XIX., 24. At the gates of Eastern cities are small side portals for foot-passengers, supposed to have been called "needles."

281. *Hostelry.* Inn.

282. *Street.* There is a street in Hamelin called Brun-

genstrasse, because no music nor drum (Brunge) may be played in it.

284. *Story.* The inscriptions in Hamelin recording the tale are a German one in golden letters on the wall of a house; a second in German on the Rathhaus; and one in Latin on the New Gate.

290. *Transylvania.* A principality of the Austrian empire now incorporated with Hungary.

296. *Trepanned.* Ensnared.

300. *Willy.* Willy Macready.

301. *Pipers.* "Paying the piper" is proverbial for bearing the cost of anything. There is an allusion here to some dealings between the poet and the elder Macready in regard to some plays.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

Ratisbon, an ancient Bavarian town, situated on the Danube, was stormed by Napoleon in 1809. It was obstinately defended by the Austrians.

6. *Legs wide.* Compare Haydon's portrait of Napoleon.

11. *Lannes.* One of Napoleon's marshals or generals.

29. *Flag-bird.* The imperial standard of France bears an eagle.

29. *Vans.* Wings. Compare Tennyson's:

"Love spread his sheeny vans for flight."

38. *Quick.* Living. Touched in his most sensitive or alive part.

HERVÉ RIEL.

This ballad was printed in the *Cornhill Magazine.* The proceeds were devoted to the people of Paris, suffering from the Franco-German War, and the magazine paid one hundred pounds for the poem in order to second the poet in his generosity.

1. *Hogue.* The battle of La Hogue was fought on May 19, 1692, off the cape of that name. Admiral Tourville, the French commander, was trying to drive the English and Dutch fleets off the seas. This battle was decisive, as most of the French ships were either sunk or captured, and the sea-power was thenceforth transferred from France to England.

5. *St. Malo.* A town on the north coast of France, at the mouth of the River Rance.

8. *Damfreville.* He was in command of one of the ships.

17. *Starboard.* The right side of the ship. Port is the left side.

30. *Plymouth.* An important English seaport.

43. *Pressed.* Formerly, in times of emergency, men were taken by main force and obliged to enter the service of the navy.

43. *Breton.* A native of the north of France.

44. *Croisickese.* A native of La Croisic, on the southern coast of Brittany.

46. *Malouins.* Inhabitants of St. Malo.

49. *Offing.* The sea lying at a remote distance from shore.

49. *Grève.* A bar at the mouth of the Rance.

49. *Disembogues.* Empties.

53. *Solidor.* A part of the mainland on the inlet occupied by a fortress.

124. *Belle Aurore.* The beautiful Aurore.

125. *Nothing more.* In reality Hervé Riel got a holiday for life.

131. *Wrack.* Wreck.

132. *Bore the bell.* Took the prize.

135. *Louvre.* The famous art gallery of Paris.

HOME THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD.

The Brownings spent much of their time in Italy.

6. *Bole.* The trunk of a tree.

7. *Chaffinch.* A bird of the finch family, so called because it is supposed to have an especial fondness for chaff, grasses, grain, bushes, etc.

HOME THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA.

The poet is passing Trafalgar Bay at sunset, full of thoughts about Nelson's great victory over the combined fleets of France and Spain, Oct. 21, 1805. To the northwest he sees St. Vincent; to the northeast, Gibraltar. Remembering how deep is the debt that England owes to the England of Nelson's day, which, alone and facing great odds, purchased freedom for Europe, Browning asks himself, "What return can I make? How can I help England now?"

1. *Cape St. Vincent.* The extreme southwest point of Portugal.

2. *Cadiz.* About 150 miles from St. Vincent. It was the scene of Sir Francis Drake's victory in 1587.

3. *Trafalgar.* Half way between Cadiz and Gibraltar.

7. *Jove's planet.* Jupiter, the largest of the planets.

7. *Africa.* The African coast is forty miles south of Trafalgar.

THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

This poem is an Easter parable upon the grace of contentment. It is the legend of a boy following his trade in a monastery and praising God by his work and with his heart. He is not satisfied, however; he wants to praise God in some great way. He gets his wish and becomes Pope. But as he is preparing for the great Easter festival, an angel reveals to him that the simple love and praise of the boy were more acceptable to God than the grand ceremonies of

the priest. So the Pope goes back to his former condition, having learned the infinite value of even the humblest human soul in God's eyes.

11. *Monk.* A man who voluntarily secludes himself from the world to devote his life to praising God.

16. *Peter's.* St. Peter's, the great Cathedral in Rome designed by Michael Angelo and Bramante. It is the largest church in the world.

25. *Gabriel.* One of the archangels mentioned in the Bible.

49. *Tiring-room.* The vestry where the priest's robes are kept.

51. *Dight.* Clothed.

61. *To the East.* Turning to the East, the source of light, is symbolic of the belief that Christ, the Son of Righteousness, is both our light and our dayspring.

73. *Back,* etc. In the first edition the concluding verses were as follows:

> "Go back and praise again
> The early way, while I remain.
>
> "Be again the boy all curl'd;
> I will finish with the world."
>
> Theocrite grew old at home,
> Gabriel dwelt in Peter's dome.

PHEIDIPPIDES.

This poem is based on a semi-historical story found in Herodotus' *History,* VI., 105, 106. When the Persians invaded Greece in 490 B. C., Athens sent Pheidippides, a fleet runner, to Sparta for aid. In thirty-six hours he was in Sparta, a distance of 140 miles from Athens. After the battle of Marathon, Miltiades, the Athenian general, despatched a runner — though the accounts do not say Pheidippides — to announce the victory to the city. He reached it in such a breathless state that he could only gasp, "Victory is ours!" and fall dead.

χαίρετε, νικῶμεν "Rejoice! we are victorious!"

1. *River.* The Ilissus, a small stream flowing close to the Acropolis.

2. *Dæmons.* Familiar spirits; demi-gods.

3. *Thee.* Pan, god of rural life generally.

4. *Zeus.* The supreme god.

4. *Her.* Athene, the goddess of wisdom and patron deity of Athens.

4. *Ægis.* The shield of Zeus, emblem of divine protection. It was sometimes borne by Athene.

5. *Ye.* Apollo, god of the bow, and Diana, goddess of the chase. They were twins.

5. *Buskin.* A kind of half boot made of leather.

9. *Archons.* Magistrates, rulers.

9. *Tettix.* The cicada, an emblem of the Athenians, symbolizing their claim to being the only race springing from Grecian soil.

12. *Sparta.* A powerful nation in the south of Greece.

13. *Persia.* The Persians under Darius invaded Greece and, after destroying Eretria, crossed into Attica and marched toward Athens.

18. *Slave's-tribute.* Earth and water are the Asiatic tokens of submission.

20. *Hellas.* Greece. Hellenes was the name by which the Greek people called themselves.

32. *Phoibos.* The Greek spelling of Phœbus Apollo and Diana.

33. *Olumpos.* Olympus, a mountain supposed to be the home of the gods.

38. *Moon.* Herodotus says: "The Spartans wished to help the Athenians, but were unable to give them any present succor, as they did not like to break their established law. It was the ninth day of the first decade, and they could not march out of Sparta on the ninth, when the moon had not reached the full, so they waited for the full of the moon."

The excuse was probably a subterfuge, as Sparta was never too friendly to Athens.

47. *Filleted.* Animals intended for sacrifice were crowned with wreaths and ribbons.

47. *Libation.* Wine poured out as a drink offering to the gods.

49. *Oak and olive.* Only free-born Hellenes could be crowned thus.

52. *Parnes.* According to Herodotus, the meeting between Pheidippides and Pan took place in Arcadia, where Pan was supposed to dwell.

61. *Fosse.* Gully.

62. *Erebos.* Hades, the world of darkness.

65. *Pan.* "This man," says Herodotus, "according to account which he gave to the Athenians on his return, when he was near Mount Parthenium, above Tegea, fell in with the god Pan, who called him by his name, and bade him ask the Athenians 'wherefore they neglected him so entirely, when he was kindly disposed towards them, and had often helped them in times past, and would do so again in time to come?' The Athenians, entirely believing in the truth of this report, as soon as their affairs were once more in good order, set up a temple to Pan under the Acropolis, and, in return for the message which I have recorded, established in his honor yearly sacrifices and a torch-race."

66. *Hoof.* Pan was supposed to have the thighs and hoofs of a goat, a goat's beard and horns, a flat nose, and a thick chin. His appearance was so hideous that he is supposed to have frightened the Persians at Marathon, and this helped the Athenians to victory.

80. *Greaved.* The greaves were pieces of armor worn on the front of the legs below the knees.

83. *Fennel.* The word Marathon means "fennel field," hence the gift was significant.

87. *Razor's edge.* In extreme peril.

89. *Miltiades.* The Athenian leader.

105. *Unforeseeing.* He little knew what his fate would

really be. Neither Herodotus nor Plutarch give any account of Pheidippides after the battle.

106. *Akropolis.* The citadel of Athens, a rocky hill in the midst of the city, upon which stood the temple to Athene.

119. *End gloriously.* In contrast to the ending of Miltiades, who finally died in prison.

EVELYN HOPE.

19. *Horoscope.* The particular conjunction of stars at the moment of a person's birth indicated, according to the old astrologers, the course of their future life.

31. *To learn.* That is, to be learned.

39. *Me.* For myself; compare the Latin ethical dative.

44. *Spoiled.* Despoiled.

ONE WORD MORE.

This poem was originally appended to the volume called *Men and Women*, written during the happy period of Browning's life in Italy, and is addressed to the poet's wife.

1. *Fifty men.* There were fifty poems in the volume.

5. *Rafael.* The great Italian painter of the fifteenth century.

5. *Century.* That is, one hundred.

9. *One.* That is, the lady whom he loved. She was reputed to be the daughter of a turf burner of Rome and has been called by posterity the Fornarina. A picture of a beautiful woman in the Barberini Palace is supposed to be her portrait. Some of the sonnets she inspired were written on the backs of sketches and are still preserved.

22. *San Sisto.* The *Madonna Di San Sisto* in the Dresden gallery.

22. *Foligno.* Another well known *Madonna* of Raphael

as are the other two mentioned, *La Belle Jardiniere* in Paris and the *Gran Duca* in Florence.

29. *Guido Reni.* An Italian artist of the Bolognese school (1595–1642).

32. *Dante.* The greatest of Italian poets. In this poem, the *Vita Nuova*, he relates that once, on the anniversary of Beatrice's death (the woman whom in youth he loved and who, in his vision, led him through Paradise) "remembering me of her, as I sat alone, I betook myself to draw the resemblance of an angel on certain tablets. And while I did this, chancing to turn my head, I perceived that some were standing beside me, to whom I should have given courteous welcome, and that they were observing what I did; also I learned afterward that they had been there a while before I perceived them. Seeing whom, I arose for salutations and said, 'Another was with me.' "

35. *Peradventure.* Perhaps.

45. *Inferno.* The great work of Dante consists of his description of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. The former was peopled by many of the citizens of Florence in his day.

57. *Bice.* A diminutive of Beatrice.

73. *Abatement.* That is, the work of the poet or artist is often misunderstood and desecrated by those who receive it.

79. *Smites.* A reference to Moses smiting the rock. See *Exodus*, XVII., 6.

91. *Phalanxed.* Arranged like an army. In the Roman army each division of troops was called a "phalanx."

95. *Flesh-pots.* And the children of Israel said unto them, Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh-pots, and when we did eat bread to the full. — *Ex.*, XVI., 3.

97. *Sinai.* The mountain upon which the Lord descended in fire and smoke to speak to the people of Israel.

101. *Jethro's.* Jethro was a priest of Midian, Moses' father-in-law.

104. *Reserve.* An allusion to the camel's habit of stowing water in one of his stomachs for use in the desert.

121. *Fresco.* Painting done on walls, the plaster of which is still damp.

125. *Missal.* The prayer-book of the Catholic Church, which was often beautifully ornamented or illuminated, as it is called, with tiny pictures and margin borders.

126. *Silver.* That is, one who blows a trumpet may also play on a silver flute.

136. *Karshish*, etc. These are all characters about whom Browning had written in the volume *Men and Women.*

148. *Fiesole.* A small town near the city of Florence.

160. *Mythos.* Diana, goddess of the moon, once loved Endymion, a beautiful Greek youth, whom she kissed as he lay sleeping in a cave on Latmos.

163. *Zoroaster.* The great sage and prophet of the Persians.

165. *Homer.* The great Greek epic poet.

165. *Keats.* An English lyric poet of the nineteenth century. He has written a long poem on *Endymion.*

172. *Sapphire.* See *Exodus*, XXIV., 9. Then went up Moses, and Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel.

And they saw the God of Israel: and there was under his feet as it were a paved work of a sapphire stone, and as it were the body of heaven in his clearness.

And upon the nobles of the children of Israel he laid not his hand: also they saw God and did eat and drink.

185. *Boasts*, etc. This sentence contains the meaning of the poem reduced to its lowest terms.

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